

The Flag of our Union.

LITERATURE ACCOMPLISHMENTS ARTS AMUSEMENTS NEWS

VOL. IX.

F. GLEASON, (CORNER OF TREMONT AND BROADFIELD STS.)

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 3, 1854.

TERMS, (\$2.00 PER ANNUM, 5 CENTS SINGLE)

Nº 22.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE ROYAL GREENS: —OR, THE— SCOUT OF THE SUSQUEHANNA. A TALE OF WYOMING.

BY DR. J. H. ROBINSON.

[CONCLUDED.]

CHAPTER XVII.

OTHER EVENTS OF THE NIGHT.



Edward Montour hurried, not well knowing which way he should bend his footsteps to find a place of safety. To the oft repeated proposition of Devon to leave him to his fate, he gave no attention. It will be borne in mind that he had carried Gaston to the river, and it occurred to him that his best chance of escape was in that direction. The pursuit had swept by him, and the few who still remained on the field, and the yell of the great body of the Iroquois, were heard on the track of the flying Americans, and this circumstance was greatly in his favor. Occasionally a native lingering behind to rob the dead or take a scalp; and several times he discovered engaged in plundering the stiffening bodies of their former neighbors. He glided along so adroitly that he gained the Susquehanna without being pursued. Looking down the river, he could see by the commotion of the water that many fugitives were trying to swim across, some of whom were overtaken and slain, while others sunk from exhaustion and wounds. The last sounds that the dying heard, were the discordant whoops of savages, or the shrieks of some tortured wretch suffering beneath repeated blows. Montour paused and soon saw forms approaching. Happily they were not enemies, but Lawson, Cato, and the Delaware with a few of his braves.

"Are you a strong swimmer?" Roland asked, addressing Cato. The negro signified in his own peculiar manner "that he was awful strong in that art way."

"I do not think he can keep such a dead weight above water for such a distance," said Mr. Devon, who was severely wounded in the side.

"Stop," replied Castagne, and immediately ran up the river until his figure was lost sight of in the darkness. The parties awaited his return in silence. Cato was the first to announce that the Delaware was coming. He appeared guiding a bateau close up under the shadow of the bank; he had detached it from the enemy's feet of boatshore. The African lifted Devon into the vessel, and in obedience to a motion from Montour got in himself.

"Now, Cato," said Roland, "I commit Mr. Devon to your care. On your faithfulness depends his life. When you reach the opposite bank, bear your friend and master towards the woods as fast as possible, and direct your course to the spot where you were once bidden to 'run for life.'"

"I'll do that as I can," replied Cato, "and," he added, pointing to his weapons, "dar'll be true if I follow his child."

"My poor Ellen!" sighed Mr. Devon, covering his face with his hands. "Alas, my poor girl!"

"She is not forgotten, Mr. Devon. I assure you she is not. I solemnly promise that I will save her, if it be in the power of mortal man to do so."

"I thank you for my soul! But time is flying—the tide of death is setting that way," replied Devon.

"I know that the tide of destruction is sweeping downward, but it will be long in reaching Mr. Hudson's dwelling. Our ruthless victors have enough work on their hands to keep them busy for some hours. Every trembling fugitive will be hunted up—the fighting men will fall first, afterwards the more tender and helpless ones will suffer. By midnight the valley will stream with fire. Alas, Mr. Devon, for the present. I trust to see you again before the morning."

That was their last battle, real or imaginary. The hatchets which they grasped in their nervous, restless hands were never flung again in human mortality—their little arms never grappled a foe, and never more did they raise the war-cry of the Iroquois. They perished where they stood—fell suddenly while their spirits yet revelled with the distant strife—sank upon the turf before they knew danger was near, and died before a single whoop or shout went up to speak their rage or agony.

Montour and his party had crept upon them warily, and thus they fell. The cabin was entered, but Dunbar was not there. They searched every part of the dwelling, but their labor was fruitless—the scout could not be found.

Ellen Devron and Elvira Hudson continued to gaze anxiously up the river. That the firing drew nearer, and was more scattering, there could no longer remain a doubt. This was a circumstance that boded little good, for it spoke to the hearts of the maidens of retreat; and retreat was equivalent to slaughter, rapine and devastation. The day faded away and the last rays of the setting sun seemed to struggle faintly with the dark smoke of battle, and to be finally quenched by its mephitic vapors. A gloomy twilight followed, and then night was fairly in the ascendant. A few dropping, irregular shots were still heard, mingled with other sounds, shrill and ominous.

"The sad truth is told," said Ellen. "Not a hope of victory now remains to us. Too well do those sounds admonish us that all is lost. Only a random firing is heard; the volleys that mark a regular engagement have long since ceased, and our defenders are retreating toward the forts. Alas! who can tell us where are those who went out on not many hours ago—friends, relatives, mutual protectors of our sex?"

"Not many of them will return," replied Elvira. "And to that painful fact we must try to reconcile our minds."

"We may well pause and ask what will be our own fate, children," said Mrs. Hudson. "As if to bear unequivocal evidence to this remark, a fire shot up from the opposite shore from a dwelling just fired by a savage hand. The flame ascended rapidly in the fabric, and by its light several fugitives were plainly seen for a brief instant pursued by pitiless beings maddened with victory. From this spectacle they were forced to turn to contemplate another. Wilkesbarre Fort, not far above them on the same side of the river, was ere long in a blaze, and the parties who were unwilling beholders of a sight so terrifying, remembered that many families had taken shelter there. Where were they? Was the looping fire their winding sheet? Was the little stockade their funeral pyre? They could not answer these questions at first; but presently they were partially solved, for the glare of the burning fortification revealed the figures of women and children flying to the adjacent swamp.

Stone, in his "History of Wyoming," eloquently describes the fearful event, and we cannot do better than make a brief quotation from his work. "The closing scene of that memorable drama was in terrible keeping with the bloody acts which had preceded. Flashed with victory, the savage Senecas still pursued their victims, filling the valley with their wild screams, and rushing onward in overwhelming numbers. The few Americans who escaped the murderous conflict in the field, fled precipitately to Wilkesbarre Fort, where were gathered women and children waiting the dread issue of the contest with breathless anxiety. Their return only added to the dreadful consternation already prevailing in the fortress. Seized with panic at the idea of being cooped up with their certainty of meeting a ruthless destruction if they remained, they fled to the mountains, and sought refuge in the recesses of a dreary swamp, called afterward from the numbers who fell there, the 'Shades of Death.' But an enemy was on their track, familiar with swamps, and expert in threading the deepest fastnesses. They were soon found, when the work of destruction recommenced with a fiercer violence. To the few survivors this was 'a night long to be remembered.' Behind them they saw the flames spreading destruction through the valley. On one side was the battle-field, on which lay their brave brethren weltering in their blood. Around them, the agonizing shriek proclaimed that the carnage was still going on."

Ellen and her friends looked at each other in speechless terror. Those whom they expected came not to relieve their dreadful anxiety, or to guard them from the peril fast drawing upon them, with the sure portents of sweeping them away. They beheld the distance between them and their foes momentarily growing less, and to add to the horrors of their situation, a fugitive passed near the cabin in full flight, pursued by an enemy, who already exulted in the certainty of success.

"It is time to go," said Mrs. Hudson. "Where?" asked Elvira. "To the woods," was the hurried response. "Hear you not yonder whoops and shrieks, and do you not foresee what our own fate may be?" replied Elvira.

"We will not fly in that direction; I know of a more secure retreat," added Mrs. Hudson, who, good woman, was resolved to encourage the maidens as much as lay in her power, and make them feel, if possible, a hope which was at that crisis a stranger to her own breast—that of final escape. She entered the dwelling and brought thence a small basket of food which she well knew would be wanted in the wilderness to which she contemplated going.

"Ought we not to tarry a short time longer?" asked Ellen, still lingering.

"And for what object? Let me warn you, child, not to expect too confidently the return of our friend," resumed Mrs. Hudson.

"It is impossible for me to abandon the thought that my father will soon appear," added Ellen.

"I know it's hard, but many have parted this day to meet no more in time," returned Mrs. Hudson. "We have lingered too long already. Hush! did you hear that? Some one comes this way—come, girls, come!"

They turned from the cabin toward the forest in the rear; but had proceeded but a few yards when they heard voices behind them. There were several fruit trees at hand, overhanging with the green vines of the creeping grape, and amid the verdant foliage, the fair fugitives took temporary shelter.

CHAPTER XVIII.

ELLEN AND ELVIRA.

With fearful, feverish expectation Mrs. Hudson and the two maidens remained in the shrubbery, listening to the sounds that were momentarily growing more distinct. The voices were heard very plainly, and Ellen pressed Elvira's arm convulsively when the well known tone of Lanaway saluted her anxious ears. Now were the emotions of Elvira of a more pleasing kind, when she, in turn, became conscious that the other party was Martin Secord.

"They have fled, evidently," said Lanaway to his companion, as both passed near the grape vines where the females were concealed.

"It appears so far as I can judge. I have reason to believe that they did not go to Wilkesbarre Fort, or to Fort Forty on the other side," rejoined Martin.

"Perhaps by looking about we can find them, unless some of their friends have lived to assist them away," returned Lanaway.

"I can name one or two that were not in a condition to aid them," said the other.

This remark produced powerful sensations in the minds of the parties who were forced to hear it.

"Gaston, as I have told you, received from some friendly hand a dangerous wound," added Secord.

Ellen who held the hand of Elvira, was conscious that a shuddering went over her frame when Edward Gaston was mentioned.

"Was he left on the field?" inquired Lanaway, stepping a little nearer to the trees.

"No; Montour, our evil genius, discovered his dangerous situation and bore him off."

"Well, what then happened?"

"I followed him intending to finish my work, but unfortunately was seen by Montour just as he reached the river (for toward the river he went), and the result was that—that—"

"What?"

"That I missed my aim, and in return he threw his hatchet at me (for you know he always wears one) with such precision that it struck me upon the head and felled me instantly. I recovered quickly, for the edge of the weapon did not take effect, and getting upon my feet, immediately left the spot."

"What became of Gaston?"

"I cannot tell you, but it is probable that he will not survive this bloody night. Now if we could but discover the retreat of these obstinate beauties, we might have matters our own way entirely, for not one of their kind and kin will outlive the third of July."

may say that I have set my heart fully upon the self-willed dandel. I had hoped (and have in truth acted with reference to that matter) that the events of this day would give me power over the person of the girl; but like you I am deeply disappointed. Our royalist friends are victors, and the rebels are dying by scores, but I confess that I am miserable."

Ellen wished that she could safely assure him that gall is ever vengeful.

"Turn your gaze yonder! What do you see? Wilkesbarre Fort in flames. What do your ears hear? The exultant cries of merciless savages; mingled with the agonizing shrieks of vanquished foes! But does this content you? Are you happy in the contemplation of these direful sights and sounds? Far from it; you experience as I do, the unwelcome pang of baffled hopes and disappointed love. What then awaits this awful scene? To us nothing—to the followers of John Butler much. And why is this scene comparatively fruitless to us? For the reason that those upon whom we have set our hearts have eluded us."

"You speak to the point, and I acknowledge that really we have gained but little, except the punishment of our enemies. Dunbar the scout is a prisoner—Gaston is wounded, and doubtless Devron, Montour, Hudson, and the Hammonds will fall. I dare say before this moment they have lost their scalps. More than this I confess we have not gained, for those who survive this trying ordeal, will forever after hold our names in detestation," answered Martin.

"Two indeed is your last remark," thought Ellen.

"We shall be called monsters and traitors, no doubt; but to indemnify ourselves as much as possible for what we shall suffer in the future, let us make sure of those fair but perverse ones, who refused to listen to reason, and preferred danger to safety."

"It is not difficult to say 'let us make sure of them,' but we have found already that it is extremely hard to do so," said Martin.

"How are we to know that they are not hidden somewhere in the vicinity?"

"It will be far with them if they are. There are those in pursuit of such, who are keen at following a flying enemy, and who will not relent at the contemplation of a pretty maiden, or spare a woman on account of her sex."

"Heavens!" exclaimed Lanaway. "I shudder at the thought of the danger that hangs over the head of Ellen Devron; and yet, Martin, I warned her of it—and she scorned me for my pains. I told her that she would pass over Wyoming, in awful fury; and that the tomahawk would do a work of blood; but indignantly, she covered me with reproach."

"Whatever betide them, we know for our satisfaction that they were warned, and might have been shielded from the devastating storm."

"And, methinks, Martin, that we wooed in a novel way; I doubt whether woman can be won by threats. When I held before the bright eyes of Ellen, a picture of me like the scene now transpiring around us, I was lower in her estimation than ever before—immeasurably lower," added Lanaway, bitterly.

"Flattery has ever proved more effectual than threats, from mother Eve downward to this day. Speak to them smoothly—praise them for their beauty, and they will smile upon you; but approach them with blunt speech and homely truth, and your roars will be more desirable than your company."

"Let us go a short distance in this direction," added Lanaway.

The two royalists, who had been looking about them with eagerness while thus conversing, now drew nearer the spot where the females were concealed, who stood stupefied with terror, scarcely daring to breathe. Martin meanwhile passed round the trees, within a few yards of the trembling ones, and putting aside the branches attempted to look beneath the vines; but it was so dark that he saw not the forms of the fugitives. There followed, so far as the latter were concerned, a moment of intense suspense; then Secord walked from the spot examining every place within bow-shot where he deemed it possible for a human being to be secreted.

Lanaway employed himself in a similar manner. Having taken an opposite direction, he suddenly stopped and bent his steps directly toward the fruit trees. That the fact of their propinquity would not be known, seemed no longer a question of doubt; but while he appeared in the very act of making the dreaded discovery, some lucky chance seemed to prevent the catastrophe.

Other incidents now attracted the attention of Lanaway and his companion. Several panting victims closely pursued by the triumphant savages and Tories, ran past the spot, hoping to escape the vindictive fury of foes drunken with blood.

"We are baffled once more," remarked Lana-

way; "but perhaps it isn't too late to deal with those who have stood most in our way."

"Let us go down to the river; we may find Gaston, Hudson, Montour, Devron or somebody else there," Martin rejoined, and they instantly hurried away.

"Thank kind Heaven, my children, for you have escaped wonderfully from the power of wicked men. Come, we must go on."

"Speak softly, mother! look toward the house!" answered Elvira.

"The savages have discovered it, and are searching within for its recent occupants," observed Ellen.

"What a yell of disappointment! They discern that the inmates have gone. What if they should come this way and look for us—the distance is so short that I tremble!" added Elvira.

One of the natives appeared with a blazing brand, and proceeded to fire the dwelling in several places.

"So many happy hours have passed there, and now to see it swept away!" sighed Elvira.

"Think of those who lose more than houses or lands—life itself," said her mother.

The fire quickly performed its work upon the cabin; in ten minutes it was wrapped in flame. Occasionally a puff of wind carried the smoke and cinders toward them, rendering their position almost intolerable.

Around the flaming fabric infuriated beings ran, brandishing aloft the tomahawk and the gun, entreating, doubting, a faint suspicion that some unfortunate might be hidden in the burning building, who would rush out to escape a fiery death, to meet a quicker fate at their hands. The leaves of the trees nearest the dwelling grew sere and yellow, scorched by the intensity of the heat. The fugitives began to suffer from the increased temperature, and expected to be driven from their covert by the hot and suffocating rushes of blinding smoke that repeatedly poured upon them. From upon the earth, with their handkerchiefs pressed closely to their faces, they awaited in dread expectation, and with sufferings well nigh insupportable, the uncertain issue. Added to the torture of the seething vapor that enshrouded them, was the no less agonizing fear of being discovered by the authors of those terrific scenes.

Ellen felt a deadly stupor stealing upon her—a painful distension of the lungs—a dizziness in her brain—an awful sense of suffocation, which threatened a speedy extinction of life. Sensation, memory, consciousness, grew less and less. Her mind teemed with feverish fancies and fantastic creations, as dreadful in their imaginary terrors as the drama being enacted in the world of reality in which she lived.

She still heard (within) the shouts of enemies; and burning dwellings and dying victims were pictured with life-like distinctness upon the field of mental vision. Suddenly a sound recalled her from the dark trance that had bound her senses—a voice smote upon her ear with magical effect. She raised herself from the earth with a convulsive effort, and gazing wildly through the smoke and fire, beheld Roland Montour heating down the savages. She had a vague consciousness of being lifted in some person's arms and borne swiftly away. And this circumstance was connected with a feeling of security, strange, gladdening and soothing to her perturbed soul. The reaction was so great that she knew no more, and seemed to exist in a dreamy, curious and shadowy realm, where the world without, capture, without fear, and yet without enjoyment.

In that suspension of all the active phenomena of existence, Ellen was lost to time, circumstance, place, the past and present—ceased to have any knowledge of friends or foes, or the tragedy enacting upon the plains of Wyoming—once her own delirious home, but now the reflex of Pandemonium itself. Yet those friendly arms were about her, her head was allowed to rest on a bosom full of unspoken kindness, unuttered friendship, unvarying devotion, unknown love.

"Pleasant of my life, so lovely and so kind! When I would rather in this desert meet, burning and scorched by fortune's power, than own her pomp and splendor lavished on my foes; Turn out and see thy breath, brave exultation! Thus others dead on battle's o'erthrust, do please—Give me thy love, than luxury more sweet, And more than all the wealth that loads the earth, When Coramand's ship returns from Indian seas."

If sentiments like these, pure, gentle and hallowing, had secret utterance in Roland's mind, all unknown were they to the maiden whose form he bore so softly, and apparently with so little exertion and so much pleasure, while he traversed the tangled thicket.

On a hill the parties paused and gazed back upon the valley. It was a grand yet awful spectacle; forts were blazing, dwellings crumbling to ashes, and the demon of partisan fury spreading his sanguinary wings over Wyoming.

"Then look'd they to the hills, where fire smothered The hunted groups, in one Vortumn place; Or sought, far seen, the towers, whose clock was rung, Till legible that midnight of despair!"

Upborne as upon the breath of the devouring flame, came those sounds that may not again be heard this side of the infernal shore, where misery and maddened hate embody their emotions in direst shrieks. Montour pressed his hot and tearful eyes, and his fingers began to clutch the sight spread out before him, turned to the unconscious Ellen, and kneeling beside her assisted Elvira in her efforts to restore animation.

Grimly and with folded arms the Delaware chief watched the progress of the destroying element; and Lawson, leaning on his rifle, was too much affected to speak; while Mrs. Hudson in the lowly attitude of prayer, prayed and wept, for those who were suffering, wept for those who had gone.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE FORTUNES OF DUNBAR.

It will be remembered by the reader, that we left Dunbar in a situation extremely unpleasant and critical; so much so that a desire to escape must have been very natural, and the means of attaining that was the first thing to be considered. Bored and surrounded by watchful warriors, he saw but small chance of effecting a design upon the success of which his life depended.

But a man like Dunbar, who had seen so much of danger and vicissitude, was not easily subdued in spirit and resolution. Many similarly placed, would have abandoned themselves to despair and hopeless repinings, without making a single effort to recover lost liberty.

Picture, if you can, the scout's feelings during the battle. Every volley made him anxious to join in the fray, and the shooting and cheering of the combatants cheered his temper and rendered him truly miserable under the restraint to which he was subjected. As the tumult of battle increased, so in proportion grew his impatience. Unable longer to endure the suspense, he dragged himself, by much exertion, to the only window which the cabin could boast of, to see what the aspect of things might be. Unluckily the window looked from and not toward the scene of battle. He was greatly surprised to discover that not a single Indian was to be seen on that side of the cabin; in their eagerness to behold the conflict, they had forgotten their trust. Perceiving the true state of affairs, Dunbar felt confident that if he could succeed in getting rid of his hands, escape would be practicable, and he looked about the rough apartment for some instrument with which to sever the cords that bound him, but could discover nothing of the kind. Casting his eyes toward the large stone fire-place, he perceived that a little smoke curled up from the brands. Working himself to the spot, he blew upon the smoldering fagots until he produced a flame, over which he held his wrists in such a manner as not to set the cords on fire; and he had the pleasure of seeing them slowly burn off, leaving his hands at liberty. To free his limbs was but the labor of an instant; and then carefully removing the sash from the window, he made a safe exit. Securing a tomahawk that was lying upon the ground near the place of his egress, the scout crept from the dangerous vicinity, keeping within range of the cabin for a considerable distance, and then striking off to the right, went toward the river. Knowing how difficult it would be to traverse a field swarming with enemies, which he was obliged to do to reach the American lines, which were then beginning to waver, he plunged into the water and swam to Monococknock Island.

By the time he had accomplished that task, the men of Wyoming had commenced their disastrous retreat.

"The day is lost!" exclaimed Dunbar. "Well do I know it by the scattering fire and yells that shake the heavens, as 'twere. A day and night will it be, and hard will it fare with the people of the valley. The waves of destruction roll downward, as I may say, and before long all I love will be in danger, with perhaps no near to throw a protective hand around her."

Dunbar remained upon the island until dark, at which time the route of the Americans was complete, as has been shown. From the lower part of Monococknock, he was able to see numbers of the vanquished running down to the bank of the river and leaping into the water, not infrequently followed by several wives, or savages, who discharged their guns at them while they were swimming. It was after reaching this island that a whig was slain by his own brother, as related by Stone. Dunbar was not a witness of an act of fratricide so atrocious, having left the spot before the crime was perpetrated. Upon his knees the fugitive fell at the feet of his unfortunate brother, pleading eloquently for the bosom of life, but with an unfeeling oath the monster shot him dead.

Soon after dark Dunbar swam to the mainland on the Wilkesbarre side, and concealed himself for a while in the bushes, where he beheld the conflagration of the fort. He then made his way toward Monococknock as fast as the dangers of the way would permit; for he experienced a feverish anxiety on Hunter's account, which would not let him remain at rest though death threatened him at every step.

When he passed Mr. Hudson's cabin it was in flames, and his kind heart was deeply moved at the sight; for he thought of the fair and innocent ones who had so long found a happy home there. He saw swartly figures reflected in the glare of the red fire, and knew that alone and unarmed he could do nothing for those who at that moment might be captives, or already, perchance, numbered with the slain. He hurried on, sometimes stopping to conceal himself from the keen eyes of foes, and casting wary glances upon every side, bitterly regretting the necessary slowness of his progress. When he had accomplished the distance to Hammond's he discovered Martin Scott standing on the bank. He heard him call to some one in the water, with apparent friendliness.

"Is that you, Bill Hammond?" The swimmer replied in the affirmative. "Come back," added Scott, in a friendly tone.

"No; I can swim across the river and make my escape," rejoined Hammond. "You cannot; the Indians are on the opposite side, and they will kill you. Come to me, I will protect you. If danger threatens you, I will say you are my brother."

Believing that Scott was sincere in his promises, William Hammond turned and swam back, and while he was so doing, Martin asked him several questions in the same easy and confident tone; among others if he had seen Edward Gaston. When within a few yards of the bank, the young man paused and said:

"We were once very good friends, Martin; I hope you bear me no malice!"

"Don't be a fool—come along!" replied the other.

Hammond came on fully assured. Scott stepped into the edge of the water to receive him, and as he grasped with his left hand the right of his former friend, with the other he bared his hatchet in his hand.

For a moment the scout stood paralyzed with the unutterable perfidy of the act; then recovering his energies, he sprang upon the guilty villain, and with one blow of his tomahawk laid him at his feet, gasping in the agonies of dissolution.

* See Stone's "History of Wyoming," page 219.

"Heaven's judgment has overtaken you at last," said Dunbar. "It wasn't at all likely that you would be suffered to live after the commission of such an awful deed. The fate of Hammond you have richly merited; but his manly soul has gone to a realm of peace where he can't never go; for heaven would become hell if you went there."

Martin opened his eyes and stared wildly at Dunbar.

"You're got what you can't get over," added Dunbar.

An expression of indescribable terror distorted Scott's ghastly face.

"Water!" he articulated faintly. The scout brought some in his hat and wet the lips of the dying man.

"My doom is fixed, I suppose?" he added, in a voice scarcely above a whisper.

"You're dyin' and givin' up things of an earthly nature, as 'twere," answered Dunbar.

"Death has come before I was ready for it. Isn't there a chance for me yet?" continued Martin, in the same hollow whisper.

"Such as you are never ready to go when the trumpet of death sounds the retreat from the battle-field of this mortal state. I can't say what kind of quarters you'll find there—but as good as you're given, I presume—all as good as for your chance of living, I should say it is so small that there isn't the least prospect of it whatever. So give up that idea, and try to think of the new scenes, as 'twere, now open before your mortal eyes."

Scott groaned and cold tremors shook his frame. He put out his hands as if swimming in the air, and then gesticulated wildly as if to some phantom form.

"Tell Bill Hammond to go away!" he exclaimed.

"Alas! unhappy wretch! he has gone—gone too far—so far that I shall never see his honest face again; and the pretty Hester will weep long for his absence," responded the scout, brushing a tear from his eye.

"Can you pay, Dunbar?" asked Martin, with suddenly inspired energy.

"I have tried to pay now and then for the poor sinner that stands afore me in my time; but I'd advise you to say 'Lord have mercy on me!' or something like that—it may do you good."

"The Lord have mercy on me!" said Martin, in a whisper scarcely audible.

"Amen!" and glancing again at Scott, Dunbar perceived that he had ceased to live.

The scout moved on, and in a few moments was near Hammond's cabin, which was yet unscathed by Indian malignity. As he turned around the corner of the dwelling, he saw a female form standing at the window. His step startled her, and as she was about to fly, the parties mutually recognized each other. The female was Pale Cloud, and she motioned the scout to be silent. Approaching she whispered:

"The maiden that you love and who loves you, is in danger."

"There's no such person in existence," replied Dunbar; "but if you mean that Hester Hammond is in danger, show me how and where."

Pale Cloud pointed to the window; Dunbar looked in. He saw Wintermoot and two men; the first was standing over Hester, who had swooned, and was trying to restore her.

"No matter!" he exclaimed, addressing the men. "Do not wait for me to revive; take her up just as she is, and let us hurry to Butler's camp."

"I wish I had weapons," said Dunbar.

"Here they are," returned Pale Cloud, placing a brace of pistols in his hands. The scout eagerly caught the instruments, and when Wintermoot led the way into the open air (followed by the men bearing their insensible burden), he fired both the weapons in rapid succession.

Wintermoot and one of his accomplices fell, while the other ran away as fast as possible. Dunbar took Hester in his arms, and bore her toward the forest.

"I have been up to Hudson's, but was too late," said Katherine, as she kept along at his side.

"You learned nothing of them as used to be the place so pleasant and cheerful like?" asked the scout.

"No; but owing you a debt of gratitude, I hastened to Mr. Hammond's, thinking I could best pay it by offering my services to the maiden whom you are bearing to a place of safety."

"Yes, what little you may happen to fancy that you owe me on the score of freeing you from the war-party of Mohawks, can well be settled in that way."

"I have heard that you loved her; Roland has—"

"Hush! for heaven's sake—she revives!" he exclaimed.

"Do not fear, good Dunbar. What I have said is not so profound a secret as you may be inclined to imagine, or will it, perchance, prove so?"

"Be quiet, woman! Do you not see that she is becoming conscious of what I said? and I wouldn't for the world have her hear such absurd notions, as I may say," added Dunbar, with considerable asseveration.

Pale Cloud directed her attention to Hester, and she soon sufficiently restored to walk with the aid of Dunbar's arm to support her; for she had passed through a scene of confusion so intense that it had nearly deprived her of physical power. Calmly and trustfully she resigned herself to the guidance and protection of the scout, refraining from asking those questions concerning her friends that struggled for utterance in her breast, fearing that she should hear news of a description to increase her trials. Of the death of her brother, Dunbar made no mention, reserving that sad tidings for a season when she should be better able to bear her grief. The present consideration was to escape from the valley and find a spot of safety, and not to dwell upon the calamities which each or all had suffered.

"I am at home in these woods," said the scout, "and you need feel but little fear of pursuit. Before midnight I will show you a hid-

ing-place, where not one of the heathen can find us; and that is a great deal to say in an hour like this."

"I feel safe with thee, David," said Hester.

"You might be safe with him for a whole lifetime," said Pale Cloud.

"I would defend her to the last," he earnestly added.

"I would that your lives could pass together, and the current of your joys and sorrows flow on in one common stream," resumed Pale Cloud, turning and placing a hand upon an arm of each.

"You do wrong," returned Dunbar, sorrowfully, and even sternly, "to speak so freely before Miss Hammond. Whatever my feelings have been toward her, I have kept 'em to myself, and have never troubled her with my foolish weakness. But now you have thoughtlessly and unkindly betrayed to her what I wouldn't have had her know for the wealth of the king of England, as 'twere. Miss Hester, I hope you'll pass it over, and not lay it up again here, nor think the less of me for it, because she's excited, as I may say, with the scenes of this dreadful night, and doesn't well understand what she's talkin' of."

"I have nothing to forgive, David," returned Miss Hammond, quietly.

"It's like you, Miss Hester; you never did wantonly hurt a person's feelings; but was allers delicate and tender of 'em, and I thank you," he replied, in a tremulous voice.

"Does thee love me, David?" asked Hester, turning her pale yet placid face toward Dunbar's.

"I never was a man to tell an untruth, and let what will come of it, I can't now, even to escape your displeasure, Hester. I confess that I have so far forgotten myself, and been so inconsiderate, blind and foolish, as to love you as if you wasn't common flesh and blood, but something pure, angelic, and un earthly like."

Dunbar bowed his head as he was making this confession, and his chest heaved convulsively. Hester made no answer, but laid her little hand in his rough, strong one, and then hid her blushing, tearful face in Pale Cloud's bosom. Dunbar stood embarrassed, perplexed, confounded. He could discern no anger in the maiden's manner, heard no reproaches, saw her hand lying passively in his, and looked imploringly at Katherine for an explanation. The comely half-breed smiled, and gradually, and for the first time, the idea that he was loved in return forced itself upon him. His face flashed with hope, and carefully he imprisoned the little hand—held it tenderly, hesitatingly.

"If I dared to hope that I am forgiven," he said, slowly, and with a pensive voice.

"You are more than forgiven," returned Pale Cloud. "Have you no eyes except for the trail, no perceptions save for the approach of an enemy?"

Dunbar drew Hester gently toward him, and as her dark, shining tresses fell upon his breast, he exclaimed:

"O, the misery, the happiness of this night!"

CHAPTER XX.

AFTER TRAPS, SMILES.

MR. HUDSON, whose name has not yet been particularly noticed in connection with the battle, fought in the right wing and was among the last to leave the field. Being hotly pursued, he diverged from the general course of the fugitives, and passed until he had left his foes far behind. He stopped about two miles north of Fort Forty, and concealed himself in a young growth of birch. But though so distant from the scene of conflict, he was by no means in a position free from danger, and was obliged to remain perfectly quiet to escape discovery. It was while thus bidden that he was forced to be an unwilling witness of the most cruel spectacle—the tragedy of what has since been called "Queen Esther's Rock." A number of prisoners, amounting in all to sixteen, were taken to that spot to be offered as sacrifices to savage malice. The Senecas, Mohawks and Onondagas, formed a circle around the rock, when the victims were brought forward and arranged about it in a mournful ring.

A fire was burning brightly near the spot, and by its light Hudson was able to recognize many of the doomed ones; among them he saw Mr. Hammond, Hester's father.

A wail and horrible-looking squaw, with a war-clad, commenced the work of destruction; the warriors laughed, danced, leaped, shouted, and made the howl of beyond description, with their inhuman organs. Well did Queen Esther perform her part of the memorable night. Passing around the circle, chanting a wild, startling air, half shriek, half howl, she dealt her blows at measured periods. Every instant Hudson saw the priestess of death approaching nearer to his friend Hammond, and he longed to do something to save him. He had his loaded rifle in his hand, and no longer capable of restraining his indignation, horror and sympathy, he aimed at the female monster, through an opening in the circle.

Sharply cracked the weapon, and the crimson queen fell upon the body of her last terrible offering. The confusion created by this incident gave Hammond a chance to recover his feet, shake off the murderers and escape. Hudson felt and no pursuit was offered, for the savage actors were quite satisfied with what they had already done.

In crossing the river, far down below, he discovered Edward Gaston, still in the canoe, which had lodged against a log. With Hammond's assistance he was taken to the shore, and conveyed to the woods, where by chance, they fell in with Montour, while he and Elvira were directing their attention to the restoration of Ellen. Soon after the parties were joined by Cato, who, as we have seen, was assisting Mr. Devron to a place of security.

Our next and last scene opens at the subterranean vault in the mountains. The sun came up as brightly as though no deeds of wickedness had been wrought in the valley of Wyoming. The winds were as soft and fragrant as if they had never borne the odor of blood, or the cries of despair. The wild birds sang cheerily

in the trees, and there was no sound of misery there. Roland Montour stood near the rift, with Ellen leaning upon his arm. The maiden looked pale and languid, but not unhappy. The young man placed his hand upon hers, somewhat timidly, and said in a low tone:

"The few words which I wished to address to you I will say at once, and I hope you will not reprove me too severely for my temerity. It is true that your calamity has befallen the valley—a calamity that oppresses all hearts; but I trust that you will not consider it ill-omened, when I allude to the feelings which your beauty and amiability have inspired."

Ellen's face suddenly changed its pallor for a rich crimson hue.

"It may with some possibility be said, that my acquaintance with you is short, but methinks no measured period of time is required to win the human heart to smite the rock of human affection and make its purest waters gush forth. I have smothered my passion long—I can restrain myself no longer, and am compelled, by a sentiment that I am certain will be as lasting as life itself to make this bold and perhaps unwelcome declaration."

Montour paused, and Ellen averted her face in such a manner that he could not see its expression.

"I am grateful that you hear me thus patiently and kindly. I ought to reflect that you know but little of my history, and that the son of a—"

"Half-breed," added a voice near at hand. Roland looked up, and saw pale Cloud at his side.

"Behold my mother!" said Montour, as Katherine drew near and took Ellen's unresisting hand. The maiden gazed into the woman's face a moment with deep interest, and replied:

"And do you believe, Roland Montour, that I could think less of you for confessing this fair creature for your mother—a being whose very features speak of goodness, kindness, gentleness, and purity of soul? Ah, sir, you have mistaken my nature, if you imagined so. Love is born in the female heart independent of birth and outward circumstances; it lives there in its strength, independent of all such considerations, stronger, infinitely stronger than all."

"May I, dare I flatter my heart with the rapturous thought that at some future time, I may presume to—lay some slight claim to the kindly regards of Ellen Devron?"

The maiden smiled, inclined her head gently, and attempted to make some fitting reply, but could not.

Roland contrasted her silence in a most favorable light, and with a quickness which would have appeared quite magical to honest Dunbar, who, good soul, had no conception of such interesting matters, save what he had learned upon the trail.

While Montour was making all the natural efforts that he could command to express his unexpected felicity, Pale Cloud uttered a piercing shriek and fell to the ground; or more truthfully would have fallen, had not Lawson sprang forward, from the shadow of the adjacent rock, and caught her in season to prevent that accident.

Here was a new wonder for Roland, and he looked at the strange scene with unfixed astonishment.

"It's what I allers thought," said Dunbar, emerging from the rift. "It's Zinzendorf, himself!"

"And who is Zinzendorf?" asked Montour, quickly.

"I can't reckon you among the wise children, because you don't know your own father, as 'twere," replied the scout.

Pale Cloud revived, and opening her eyes, was conscious that she saw no phantom figure.

"Zinzendorf!" she murmured, and seemed on the point of relapsing again into insensibility; but water which Ellen sprinkled on her face restored her.

"This seems dream-like and unnatural!" exclaimed Lawson. "I have mourned you as dead for many years."

"And have I not wept for you as long?" replied Katherine, in trembling accents.

"The report reached me that you had perished by the hand of the Mohawk who carried you into captivity. I was not able to leave Germany at that time, for I had just been thrown into prison on account of religious sentiments which I had avowed, having been betrayed by a false friend. I sent an agent to look after our child, who returned with him, confirming in full the accounts which I had previously received of your death. Roland was put to school, while I remained in duance several years, not being permitted to see him, and not daring to acknowledge any relationship, for fear such a confession would bring down upon him the evil fortune that had followed me. The boy grew weary of confinement, and leaving his books found means to get back to his native forests. When tardy justice had been done me, I crossed the water and arrived here a few months ago, since which time I have taken an indescribable pleasure in being near our son, and watching over him with all a father's fondness, to shield him from danger, without divulging the secret that made him the object of my tender solicitude. Several times I have been on the point of telling him the important secret, and folding him to the bosom from which he has been so long estranged by the force of circumstances, the virulence of religious intolerance and partisan policy."

"A dark master coming out very bright," said Castagno, who had joined the group.

Roland advanced, and Zinzendorf embraced him.

"The agent who took Roland to Germany (I learned after I returned from my captivity), reported that you were dead, and therefore I ceased to expect your return," said the Pale Cloud.

"It is probably known to you, that I was formerly a missionary to the Delawares," added Lawson, addressing Roland. "Among them I saw and loved Katherine Montour, your mother, to whom I was privately married by a good Moravian preacher. She bore her maiden name until after you were ushered into the world, when those events happened which separated us."

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

WOMAN'S LOVE.

BY DANIEL C. MOORE.

Near my home is the South, where a silvery stream
Is bidden by flowers in its flight;
As soft as the music we love in a dream,
A maid sang this plaint to the night.

"Man's passion is like this murmuring wave,
That rippled along in its glee;
It embraces the flowers that bend to its breast,
Then leaves them in tears for the sea.

"Or like that sea, when its heaving breast
Coursed the amorous glance of the moon;
It looks for a time in the peaceful delight,
But tides of the darkness soon.

"Or like that dawn, that entrances the soul
In the realms of the slumbering day;
It exhales for a while, but the light in the east
Frigate the dream and the passion away.

"But woman! poor woman, when once she has loved,
May not try the illusion to sever;
She loves while she lives, with the fervor of hope,
And worships her idol forever.

"Her affections lie grounded, like faith, on a rock
Where the tempests of doubt may not burst;
She will cling to the shadow that won her young heart,
Though the substance be doubly accursed.

"Though death, like a whirlwind, may scatter the hopes
A false love in rocky gaves,
She'll forget the deception that lured her away,
And forgive him, in tears, on his grave.

"Then over her weakness, her blindness, and sin,
Let the music of music be true,
The heaven's own yet in that fond, trusting heart,
To chasten, and beautify all."

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE MILLER'S PROTEGE.

—OR, THE—

CRUSHED GOLD DREAM.

A STORY OF THE RHINE.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

CHAPTER I.

THE GUARDIAN'S PLAN.

ABOUT twenty miles west of Landau, upon a small stream which empties into the Quiche, situate in the Bavarian circle of the Rhine, stood a quaint, old-fashioned mill. It was very old, but yet time had made but little havoc with its stout walls and well-dried roof. The place of dwelling, though standing upon an eminence somewhat more elevated than the mill, was yet a part of the latter, the two being joined together by a wide, arched stairway. The establishment was owned by Galberd Dudenher. A very old man, but those who knew him best came to more definite conclusions with regard to his character. He was a short, thick-set man, with a large head and heavy frame, the head, by the way, owing most of its size to the breadth of the base of the brain. His spare locks were silvered by the frosts of some fifty winters, and some of his nearest neighbors affirmed that his heart was as frosty as his head. People knew that he was rich, for money flowed fast and steady into his till, and there were not wanting those who were ready to swear that he often took toll twice from the same grain-bag. But yet Galberd Dudenher was penurious and grasping in the extreme; his heart had no room for charity, nor did his soul give birth to anything like noble or generous thoughts. No one loved him, but yet all employed him because he was the only mill in the neighborhood, and they submitted to his extortions because they dared not offend him.

Dudenher had one son named Jaquet, a great big lanky fellow, with a red head, red face and red eyes. He was about thirty years of age, and helped his father in the mill. His disposition was not exactly like that of his parent, though not a whit better. Some said it was worse, for he was disposed to be dissipated, and when under the influence of intoxication he was brutish in the extreme.

The only other member of the family was a girl named Mildred. She had seen her nineteenth summer—no more—though there were some slight marks upon her features that would seem to indicate a more advanced age. She stood in a strange contrast with the miller and his son. She was light and delicate in form, and as graceful as the gazelle. Her face was beautiful—very beautiful—full of sweetness and goodness; her hair was of a rich, dark brown, and her eyes were of that deep, lustrous, hazel which is sometimes mistaken for black. Who she was, no one save Galberd Dudenher knew. She had been with him since she was an infant, but no one could tell from whence she had come. For several years the miller claimed her as his own child, but when she had reached her tenth year, he confessed that she was none of his blood, though he would tell no more. Often did the maiden extend to know the secret of her birth, but the miller only shook his head and professed ignorance.

Thus far, Mildred had received no very harsh treatment, nor would her situation have been very unpleasant had it not been for the disagreeable society of Jaquet. Him she could not bear, for he was so rough and uncouth, and so vulgar, that she loathed him as she loathed sin itself; but yet she had to put up with his company, and she had to do with a seeming good grace, too, for she dared not provoke him to anger.

Early one evening—it was a summer's evening in the year 1812—Mildred sat in the little kitchen after the supper things had all been neatly cleared away, Galberd Dudenher came in and sat down near her. He appeared very sober and thoughtful, and the manner in which he rested his hands upon his knees showed that something of more than usual importance to say.

"Mildred," he at length commenced, "I have something to say to you which has been for long while upon my mind. I meant to have said it before, but did not deem it expedient. You have been with me now, ever since you were an infant, and I have thought it no more

than just that you should be no longer dependent."

The old miller spoke slowly and carefully, and while he spoke his eyes were fixed keenly upon his protégé. She knew not what he was coming, but she hoped that she was to hear something of her birth—something that would at least lift the veil from the great secret of her life. She said nothing in reply, and in a very few moments Dudenher continued:

"You have been faithful to me, and now I am going to reward you. I have scraped together some little property in my life, and I do not wish to see it pass away into the hands of strangers, nor do I wish that strangers should have the handling of it after I am dead and gone—for I know that I must die sometime."

The old man shuddered as he thus spoke, and Mildred thought that she could detect something in his manner that was not all honest—something that was contrived and illy assumed.

"You know," the miller resumed, "that you have no home but this, and I would not have you driven from it, and I am determined that you shall not be. Jaquet will have the mill, and you shall be Jaquet's wife!"

"No Jaquet's wife!" gasped the fair maiden, half starting from her chair and putting one hand tremblingly forward, as though she would stop the words from coming to her ear.

"Yes, Mildred. You didn't expect it, did you?"

"No sir. Indeed I did not," she uttered, not yet having recovered herself.

"I supposed not," coolly returned Dudenher, moving the girl sharply, and at the same time cying his chair a little nearer to her. "No, I suppose not. But I shall have no objections to the match, seeing that my son has no set his heart upon it. I know he might do better in a worldly point of view, but then I don't think he would find a better nor a handsomer wife, and you will be faithful to him, too."

"But, sir, you—"

"O, I know what you would say, but there is no need of it, for I look upon the matter as already settled. You need waste words in trying to thank me, for I assure you, that I feel confident that you will make for my son a very good wife, so I am willing to sacrifice other considerations."

"Sir," exclaimed the maiden, now fully aroused, "you know very well that I cannot marry with your son."

"O—but I have not given my consent, nor will I ever do so. Marry with Jaquet Dudenher! If I have inspired him with love, I am sorry for it, but it is no fault of mine. You know I cannot blame his wife."

"But the matter is fixed."

"Then it must be unfixed, for I will not have it so."

"But I will have it so," returned the miller, with a sort of freezing calmness, but yet in tones that told of a will not to be thwarted. "Jaquet must have a wife, and you must be that wife. Do you understand me?"

"O sir, I cannot!"

"You must!"

"Mercy, sir, mercy!"

"Have mercy on my son."

"It will kill me."

"And disappointment would kill him."

"Alas, sir, I cannot—"

"Enough. You will do as I have said. You will be his wife within the month. Do you understand?"

Dudenher arose as he thus spoke, and without another word he turned from the room. When Mildred was left alone, she started to her feet and gazed about her. There was something wild in her look, and yet that wildness was all sad and dependent. This thing had not been wholly unexpected, for she had known of it before, but she had not dreamed that it would be forced upon her. But now it looked differently. She knew how firm and hard Galberd Dudenher could be, and she knew, too, that his power over herself was absolute. Then she thought how useless Jaquet could be, and with this thought she sank back into her chair and burst into tears.

CHAPTER II.

LOVE, AND ITS INTERRUPTION.

"Well, father," said Jaquet, as he met his parent in the mill on the next morning after the interview just recorded, "did you speak with Mildred?"

"Yes, I spoke with her and found it somewhat as I expected; but never mind for that. She shall be your wife as sure as you and she both live."

"Of course she shall be my wife," added Jaquet, who was now perfectly sober, "but yet I would rather have her come willingly, for she is pretty, and I surely love her."

"I am glad you do, my son, though your love would matter but little. She shall be your wife."

"But was she very much set against me?"

"Upon my soul, a girl couldn't be well more set."

"Against me, eh?"

"Certainly."

"Then I think I know the cause," said Jaquet, with a struggling light in his dull, heavy eyes. "I think I know the cause," he repeated, while a show of anger was manifest in his bloodshot features.

"Ah," uttered the old man, leaning back against one of the grain chests and folding his arms.

"Yes," continued Jaquet, "I know the cause. We mustn't send Mildred down to that haberdasher's any more, for there lies the mischief. There was a young dashing fellow bought out the place, about a month ago, and he keeps everything for sale that can be profitably wanted. His name is Jupon. Mildred has been there, and only a day or two ago I saw him sneaking around the mill here. I tell you there's nothing but mischief in, and no mistake."

"Are you sure of that?"

"Yes."

"I've seen the youngster and I should take him to be French."

"To be sure he is a Frenchman, and I suppose he's been exercising his trade of love-making towards Mildred."

The old man was strangely moved by this piece of intelligence, and it was some moments before he spoke again, but when he did speak he spoke to the purpose.

"Jaquet," he said, in tones that indicated all the meaning they could possibly convey, "if you will look out for M. Jupon, I will be responsible for Mildred."

"I'll do that," was Jaquet's emphatic answer, and he shook his head as he spoke, like one who means full as much as he says.

At this juncture a customer entered the mill, and announced that he had a dozen sacks of grain in the yard, so the conference was cut short, and we will leave the miller and his son to their wonted business, while we look after another character.

Mildred had finished up her morning's work, and had taken her sewing and gone out into the garden back of the dwelling where there was a small arbor of grape vines that she had reared and fashioned with her own hands. Within this arbor she took her seat, but she could not sew. Her mind was too much occupied with what she had heard the night before, and where was her hope of escaping from the calamity that threatened her? And such a calamity! Her soul shrank from it as she shrank the soul of honor from an ignominious death. She sat there, pale and trembling, when the entrance to the arbor was darkened, and on raising her head she beheld M. Jupon.

He was a young man, not more than four-and-twenty years of age, very slight and delicate in his build, but yet with an unmistakable air and bearing of manliness and honor. He was handsome—extremely so—but there was no effeminacy in his beauty. He was dressed in a blue cotton blouse and linen shirt, and tight fitting hose of dark buff, and though the garb was humble, yet it showed off his little frame to good advantage. No one in the place knew anything of him save that he gave his name as Jupon, and that he had rented the small haberdasher's shop by the river. He had thus far secured but little patronage, but he did not seem at all anxious whether he had patrons or not. Such a came to his shop he served with an easy grace, and when he was left alone he played upon the guitar and sang. Some said he did this to draw customers, but if he did, he did not seem to fret because they did not come. Some people had wondered from whence he came, and others had even gone so far as to ask him, but he kept his own counsel, and his questioners gained no wisdom from him.

The color came quickly to Mildred's cheeks when she found the gaze of the haberdasher fixed upon her, and a close observer could have seen that her emotions were more of pleasure than of surprise. She had met with the young man several times, and though no words of importance had been spoken on those occasions, yet she had allowed a feeling somewhat stronger than mere friendship to take possession of her soul. And why should she not? There she had been from infancy with only the miller and his uncouth son for companions, and the presence of the youthful trader was like a ray of sunlight upon her path. She had been watched with a jealous eye by the old miller, and many sources of amusement which other girls of her age enjoyed, were denied to her.

"Ah, Mildred," spoke Jaquet, as he entered the arbor, "I understand."

"No sir," said Mildred.

"And may I sit down by your side?"

"Yes—certainly," was the maiden's reply, as she moved to one side of the seat to give the visitor room. She may have blushed, but it was not from any shock of maidenly modesty—it was but the quickening of her heart in its beatings, caused by emotions which she could not control.

"Mildred," commenced the young man, after he had taken the seat, "you may think me bold in what I am about to ask, and I cannot deny that my motives are somewhat tinged with self-interest. At all events I hope you will answer me without fear or hesitation. Now I would like to ask how you came here—how you fell into the miller's power?"

"Ah," returned the maiden, with a significant shake of the head, "that is more than I can answer. I know nothing save that Dudenher is not my father."

"But do you know nothing of your parentage?"

"No sir."

"Nor of the land that gave you birth?"

Mildred started up and pressed her hand upon her brow. The last question had called up in her bosom a doubt which had often dwelt in her own mind.

"Do you not think I am a native of Germany?" she asked, sinking back into her seat.

"I should hardly think you were," was Jupon's reply. "Your features do not bespeak you a German, nor does your manner."

"As for my manner," returned Mildred, with a smile, "that must surely be German, for it is here that I have learned it all."

"That makes no difference. Each country has its own peculiarities, and the infant of Germany cannot be fashioned into the volatile man of France, nor can the infant born native of France ever become the staid, sober German."

But never mind that. Has not the miller ever told you anything concerning your birth?"

"Not a word."

"And have you never asked him?"

"Yes—repeatedly; but he will tell me nothing. He will not even tell me whether he received me from my parents or not. He is ever sullen and uneasy on this point."

"Uneasy on this point, is he?" uttered Jupon, with a look of intense interest.

"Yes," answered Mildred, regarding her companion inquisitively.

"Well, that is something gained. But you must answer me one more question," continued

the young man, with a sudden change in his tone and manner. He eyed the maiden keenly as he spoke, and his eyes burned with a warm, rich light. "You looked very sad when I first came in—will you not tell me the cause?"

"It cannot matter," tremulously murmured Mildred, bowing her head to hide the emotions that sprang to her face.

"But it may matter much—at least to me. Was it of the miller that you thought?"

"Partly."

"And partly of his son?"

"Yes."

"I thought so. Galberd Dudenher would have you marry his son."

"Yes," burst convulsively from the maiden's lips, and then she wept. Her bosom heaved, and then she sobbed painfully.

A moment Jupon gazed upon her while she wept, and then he placed one arm about her neck and drew her head upon his bosom. There was something in the movement so delicate—something so kind and generous—that Mildred thought not of taking offense, nor did she even resist.

"You will never marry him!" the young man whispered.

"I would rather die," sobbed the weeping girl.

"Then fear not, for I will save you from such a fate."

"Save me?" and Mildred raised her eyes as she spoke, beaming with hope.

"Ay—save you."

"O, if you do so, God will bless you."

"And will not you, too, bless me?"

"With my whole soul."

"And with your heart, too?"

"Yes."

"And with your hand?"

Mildred started up and gazed into her companion's face for a moment, and then her eyes drooped to the ground. She had just made Jupon's full meaning. But she did not leave the seat—nor did she move away—but in a few moments she moved her head again upon his bosom. What answer could she make more!

Surely Jupon could ask none, for with both arms about her fair form he strained the maiden to his bosom and blessed her. Minutes flew unheeded by until an hour had been almost counted off—Jupon still held Mildred upon his bosom, and as his lips were pressed fondly to her sweet mouth, he was startled by the sound of a heavy footfall at the entrance-way of the arbor. He looked quickly up, and saw Jaquet Dudenher.

Mildred uttered a low, quick cry as she started from the haberdasher's embrace, but he whispered to her not to be afraid.

"Never mind, now," said young Dudenher, in a forced tone, speaking between his clenched teeth, and shaking his head with a threatening, side-long movement—"never mind now, but I'll attend to this case!"

As he thus spoke he turned and left the place, and when he had gone Mildred started up.

"I must go," she uttered, pale and trembling from fright. "O, he has a terrible temper."

"Do not fear," urged Jupon, "for I surely can protect you. I had much more that I wished to say, but we must leave it now. Be of good courage, and fear not. I shall see you again ere long."

There was one more kiss, one more word of promise, one more beating of heart to heart, and then the lovers separated. In two minutes after they had both gone, Jaquet Dudenher stood with in the arbor with a pistol in his hand, but he found no mark for his bullet.

"No harm," he muttered to himself, as he put up his weapon and turned away. "I can bide my time."

CHAPTER III.

THE CHALLENGE.

"No, no, my son, I would not do that. Restrain your anger, at least so far as your own safety is concerned."

"But I will not let it go. Holy virgin, shall I see a miserable haberdasher making love to my betrothed, and not kill him. He was in the very act of kissing her when I discovered them. While he lives she will be false to me."

"I do not doubt it, Jaquet."

"Then why should he live?"

"I don't know," returned the old miller, with a meaning look in his eye. "I don't think he ought to live."

"Then surely I must put him out of the way. By the mass, if he had been there in the garden ten minutes later, he would not be alive now. But you do not tell me what you think."

"Why, Jaquet, I should think your own sense would tell you. You must challenge Jupon to fight with you. Suppose you take the small sword. You know that you are good at that, and I doubt me if the haberdasher knows anything at all about it."

Jaquet sprang forward and caught his father's hand with a grateful grasp.

"I'll do it," said he. "I'll challenge him with the small-sword. My son! but I shall kill that Master Jupon over at the first pass."

And so it was arranged that the haberdasher should be challenged to mortal combat. Jaquet had practised much with the sword, and his great strength gave him many advantages over his companions. He had not thought of this plan until his father mentioned it, but now that the idea had been forced upon him, he thought it a very good one. He looked upon the intruding haberdasher as already a dead man.

"Let me advise you," said the old man, "to be very careful, for Jupon must be got rid of at some rate. I do not like the looks of him. He is not—"

"Is not what?" asked Jaquet, as his father, hesitated.

"Never mind," answered the miller, overcoming the perturbation that had been for a moment manifest. "If Jupon is killed, I think both you and I shall be the better off for it."

"But you mean something more than you have said," persisted Jaquet. "Come, tell me the whole now."

"I've got nothing more to tell," was the old man's decisive answer.

Jaquet knew his father's disposition too well to question him farther, though he knew full well that there was some secret in the background with which he was not made acquainted. But he let the matter rest, and went about his usual work as he had been formed.

In due time a regular challenge was made out and sent to Jupon. The young haberdasher was in his shop when he received it, and having read it he gazed up at the fellow who brought it.

"So Master Jaquet wants to fight me, it seems," he said, while a quiet smile broke over his handsome features.

"Yes," answered the messenger, with a grim, warlike scowl.

"With small-words?"

"Yes," with the same terrible look.

"Are you to be his second?"

"Yes," with a look still more terrible.

"Well," returned Jupon, folding up the missive, and placing it in his pocket. "You may tell Master Jaquet Dudenher that I will be at his service this very evening, half an hour before sundown. I shall come armed and with a sword."

The messenger hastened away, and in about an hour afterwards Mildred entered the shop. She was pale and trembling, and the perspiration upon her white brow told that she had been making great haste.

"Ah, Jupon," she uttered, as she sank into a chair, "You must flee. You must flee at once, or Jaquet will kill you."

"O, I guess not," replied the young man, as he bent over and kissed the maiden's brow.

"O, but he surely will. I heard him talking with his father."

"But you did not understand them," said Jupon, looking happy from this new mark of Mildred's love. "No doubt Master Jaquet meant to kill me, but he has taken a poor plan for it. No, no, Mildred—you need not fear. He has only challenged me to fight him, that's all."

"And you will not do it?"

"Certainly I shall do it. But you must not fear."

"O, how can I help fearing. Jaquet is one of the best swordsmen in the place, and he is much stronger than you are."

"I don't think your place can boast of many excellent swordsmen," said Jupon, with a smile. "But never fear for me. I shall make Master Jaquet open his eyes. There—now, don't cry, for upon my soul there is no danger. It will only be sport."

At length Jupon managed to quiet the maiden's fears, but he did it more by his self-assured smiles than by his words. He seemed all life and animation, and he rattled on until he saw that his companion's apprehensions were all gone.

"Now," said he, after this matter of the duel was disposed of, "I have something to speak to you about, and I had intended to have seen you this evening, but this visit will save me the labor of escaping the miller's vigilance. To-morrow I must start for France. I must first go to Metz, and from thence to Troyes. The distance is not quite two hundred miles, and I shall be back in little over a week. I do not think I shall be gone two weeks. When I return, I think I shall be able to propose some questions which Galberd Dudenher will not answer."

For some time Mildred hung down her head and did not answer. She did not tremble, but Jupon could see the peary drops that collected upon her long lashes.

"Do not fear," he quickly added, as he noticed the dropping tears.

"But you will surely return," she murmured, raising her moistened eyes to her lover's face. "You will come back to me?"

"If I live. O Mildred, I would not lose you now for all the wealth of the world beside. I will most surely come back, and when I do come, I shall make you smile. You can live safely in your present home for a week."

"I think so."

"So do I. But if the miller should attempt to push matters—if he should try to make you marry with his son before that time, you must contrive some means to evade him. I give you my word for that."

"I think I can manage it," replied the maiden; and though she spoke with confidence, yet she could not help shuddering.

Jupon noticed her emotion, and with another kiss he bade her be of good cheer. At length she asked him if his visit to France had anything to do with her affairs; but he gave her no direct answer; he only assured her that she should be happy if laid in his power to make her so—and surely his word was worth as much assurance as that which she was the fact.

But time was passing away, and

J. A. RUTS, 42 Woodward Avenue, New Orleans.
E. K. WOODWARD, cor. 4th & Chestnut Sts., St. Louis.
THOMAS LUNN, 40 Exchange Place, New Orleans.

J. A. ROYS, 43 Woodward Avenue, Detroit.
E. K. WOODWARD, cor. 4th & Chestnut Sts., St. Louis.
THOMAS LUNN, 40 Exchange Place, New Orleans.

(Written for The Flag of our Union.)

SPRING.

BY HENRY W. BROWN.

Bunny spring, with gladness leaping,
 Ever comes our path to cheer;
 Comes, with radiant smiles beaming
 On its face serene and fair;
 Comes, with flowers on pathway decking,
 While its fragrance is in air;
 While its fragrance is in air,
 On the almost breeze wafting.

Comes, with songs of birds ringing
 Floating on the air afar;
 Welcomes our notes so cheering,
 As they ever, ever are;
 Comes, with every streamlet rippling
 O'er the unobscured hill;
 Loosens in their icy clashing,
 That has bound them as a spell.

While our lives are onward tending,
 Like the spring-day fast away,
 And from worldly cares retreating,
 Look we for a brighter day;
 As the shadows round us deepening,
 Thus break the close of day—
 So all nature is proclaiming,
 All things lovely must decay.

(Written for The Flag of our Union.)

THE PRIESTESS OF THE SUN.

A TALE OF PERU.

BY JAMES DE MILLE.

CHAPTER I.

THE ice-crowned summits of the Andes were gleaming and glistening in the rays of the setting sun, as a single horseman rode slowly along one of the mountain roads of Peru. It was a road whose massiveness of construction, and excellence of formation, excited the wonder of the beholder as much as any of the works of the Incas. Now it wound with serpentine turnings up the almost precipitous side of some lofty height, and again it descended by the same intricate turnings, round many a projecting cliff into some deep gully. Passing over the gully by a slender, yet strong bridge, it again went on as before.

Along this road went the horseman. He was a Spaniard, and his dress consisted of the heavy armor of the Spaniards of the sixteenth century. A breastplate of gleaming steel protected his body. A strong buckler was on his head. A carabine was slung over his shoulders, and a heavy sword hung down from his side. His form was tall, and well-knit together, and his face, though bronzed by exposure and hardship, was noble and lofty in its expression.

"By San Jaco!" he muttered, as he drew up his head before a slender bridge which crossed a deep gully, "this is a road such as is seldom found. A wonderful people are these Indians! Come, get up, good horse! What! you are afraid. Now then." And spurring his horse, he went boldly and quickly across. The bridge swayed and crackled beneath him, and scarcely had he touched the other side when it fell.

"A narrow escape, by heaven!" he cried, looking back. "Spaniards did wisely in crossing a man on this expedition to Quito. But what a country! The people are all hidden, the villages empty, the fields untilled."

He looked around him. Far beneath the fertile plains of this once peaceful region spread before him. Countless trees, and shading groves, and running rivers, threw indescribable charms around the landscape. The mountains rose up like giant sentinels, guarding the fertile plains by terraces far up their sides. But no people could be seen. The villages, the immense royal granaries, the roads and fields, all were empty.

"I would not wonder, no, by the holy virgin I would not, if these mountain recesses were full of them," said the Spaniard. "Yonder projecting rock—Ha—"

He uttered an exclamation of surprise, as looking forward toward a place where the road turned round a lofty cliff, he saw a crowd of men running up toward the summit.

"By San Christoforo!" he cried. "The villains will stop me. They will throw rocks down upon me—"

He reined in his steed and stopped to consider. He delayed but for a moment.

"I must on," he cried; "I never shall be it said that Don Alberto de Regio feared a foe! A Christian can overcome a hundred heathen Indians. Then Regio y Dios! Hurrah!"

Shouting his battle cry, and holding his head erect, he spurred his horse and rode like the wind down the road. He heard the rock. A wild cry came from the summit. Loose rocks fell before him.

"Regio y Dios!" he shouted.

He rushed like the wind round the rock. A hundred massive fragments of stone fell crashing down. They poured down like hail, but Regio was beyond their reach. The rocks fell upon the road behind him. Some rested, others bounded on, and descended thundering down the declivities, awaking the echoes in the deep recesses of the gorges which lay around.

On rode Regio.

The Peruvians uttered a louder cry. A shout of disappointment, mingled with vengeance. The sound struck coldly upon the Spaniard's ear. "They have something worse in store for me," he muttered, as turning his head, he beheld them descending into the road behind him.

The road ascended before him, and then with a sharp turn descended steeply into a valley. He drew up his horse suddenly as he stood upon the top of the eminence, and the reins dropped from his hands.

In the valley before him was a crowd of men dressed in the cotton armor of the Peruvians, with their sharp spears, and steel-pointed maces glittering in the last rays of the sun, toward which all knelt with adoration. Heavy priests, shaven among them, and virgins dressed in white stood around an altar. As the sun sank a loud cry ascended. But a louder, a wilder, a more fearful shout arose, as they saw Regio and recognized one of their hated persecutors!

"The invaders! Vengeance!" The cry came

up from all. Terror at first seized upon many, for they knew not the number which might be behind the single horseman.

"Courage!" cried a venerable priest. "Fight for your country! Though there be a hundred, you can surely withstand them, for thousands of warriors are here."

Regio looked, he saw the dark body of warriors closing upon him—their level spears, their pointed weapons. A shower of arrows flew towards him, but fell harmlessly from his strong breastplate.

"There is no hope! I must on!" He spoke with desperate energy. He took his gun, and giving spurs to his horse, rode down into the midst of his enemies.

Again his battle cry arose. His fierce charger reared among the Indians—the thunder of the Spaniard's gun struck deadly fear upon their hearts. But they closed in all around him, and arrows from afar struck his arms, and hundreds of blows fell upon him. With his heavy sword the Spaniard struggled bravely against the fearful odds. Now terrified at his strength and slaughter, they retreated for a little space, and again gathering courage, they sprang forward. They leaped upon the horse, they seized his legs, they fell beneath him, and were trampled down while they held the reins in a frenzied, deadly grasp. The horse, held back by so many, stood still. Regio, wounded and weary, could not struggle much longer. A huge warrior leaped up behind him, and wound his strong arms round Regio's neck. A score of others seized him, and pulled him to the ground.

"Yield!" cried an old priest to him. "Yield, fool, or you die—"

"I will not!" cried Regio, in Peruvian; and he sought to free himself. But strong men held him down, his sword was wrenched from his grasp, his horse was led away, he was lost! They bound his arms tightly behind him, and then four strong warriors took him upon their upturned shoulders and bore him away.

"To the sacrifice! the sacrifice, at to-morrow's dawn!" exclaimed a hundred voices.

CHAPTER II.

Regio lay bound in the room of a strong house whose walls of massive stone presented a barrier through which he might never escape. He lay upon his back fastened to the floor. The wind from afar blew through a small aperture, and gently fanned his heated brow.

"A sacrifice! I—a sacrifice! Deliver me! O, deliver me!" he cried.

His groans, and his thought to calm himself, but no efforts could detach his thoughts from the fearful doom which awaited him on the morrow. Suddenly a voice spoke close beside him. He turned, and a tall form dressed in complete white stood near. At first a shudder of superstitious terror passed through him as he saw the white robes fluttering in the breeze, and he feared that he had seen a spirit.

"Christian!" said the figure, in Peruvian.

"Who speaks?" answered Regio, boldly.

"A friend—"

"Then you must have come from the dead, for all who love me are there."

"I am alive—"

"A Peruvian? A friend? No, no—"

"I am all that I have said, and have come to save you."

"The voice of a maiden!" murmured Regio. "I have heard that voice before. O, tell me who you are—"

"Waste no words. I am a friend. I come to save you from death."

She stooped down, and with a sharp knife severed his painful bonds. The Spaniard arose to his feet. The figure before him was enveloped in white, and but a small part of her face was visible. Regio looked at her, and fell upon his knees before her.

"Rise! rise!" she said, impatiently. "Think only of safety. Follow me—"

And she glided from the room without noise; a small light which she held in her hand, guided him for a distance as he followed softly after her.

She stopped at length, and put a string in his hand, one end of which she held herself. Then, extinguishing the light, she left it upon the floor, and walked on. Regio followed her. They went through wide rooms, and long halls, through narrow passages, and labyrinthine galleries, until at last the freshness of the air told Regio that he approached the outside. She drew back some heavy bolts that slipped noiselessly to her touch. She opened the ponderous door.

Regio expressed an exclamation of joy. Looking on, he saw his horse standing there with his muffled feet, ready to bear him away in silence. A gun, and a sword, lay also.

"Beautiful being! How can I ever repay a debt of gratitude to you!" cried Regio, in a transport.

"Tis my debt. I repay it. Haste. No words more."

"I will not go without you," he cried, passionately. "Come, O, come with me!"

The maiden stood still.

"O, come!" he cried, imploringly. "You will not force me to stay—"

"No!" she said, tenderly. "You can go without me."

"Never!" he cried. He took her in his arms. She did not resist. In a few moments both were seated on the strong horse. A few cheering words, a light stroke, and the horse and his riders were gone. They went slowly until out of hearing. Then Regio dismounted and took off the cumbersome foot coverings.

"Ha!" he cried, "what noise is that?"

They have discovered it—Up, or you are lost!" cried the maiden. "Up—"

Regio sprang upon the horse. Far behind him sounded a deep murmur, as though many voices were crying together.

"O, were some of my brave comrades near!"

"Think not of that. Think not of that. Fly!"

"Hold me tightly," he cried, as his horse fled swiftly along the road. "Hold fast!" His own arm was around her. She clung closely to

him, and away they went far from their enemies. When the danger, danger was far away.

The two travelers passed upon the summit of a gentle ascent which overlooked a small town. There the ensign of Spain fluttered from a huge building which appeared to be used as a barracks.

"Let me down here," said the maiden, to Regio. "I must descend."

Regio dismounted, and took her to a rock, upon which she sat.

"Christian, you must part here."

"What?" cried Regio, with a start.

"We must part—"

"Never! never shall you leave me."

"Christian, you must not detain me. Would it be fit for him whom I have delivered, to keep me a prisoner?"

"Not a prisoner. O, no! but something dearer," cried Regio, passionately. "But, who are you? I have heard your voice before."

"Yes, At Camaxcala—"

"What?" cried Regio, starting—

"Do you not remember when the perfidious invader came to Camaxcala? Our Inca thought not of deceiving them. He treated them as a great king should. Do you not remember how his hospitality was returned? Thousands of the dead can tell. The ghost of a murdered Inca can speak from its grave and tell."

Regio was silent.

"O, what a scene of terror there was," said his companion, "when the invaders, armed with thunder, rushed on their unarmed and unsuspecting hosts. The guest murdered his entertainer. Those whom we had treated with hospitality became our enemies."

Regio sighed deeply.

"Yet you were not among them. You, I know, abhorred the deed. There was a maiden there—a maiden of the royal blood—her name was Alonzo. When the Spaniards came out upon their victims, she fled in terror across the plain. Her white robes fluttered in the breeze, and after the slaughter, the Spaniards, pursuing those who fled, beheld her also. They came toward her for their fierce demons of hate. She fell, overcome with terror. Then—ah, then! there was a generous heart found—a soul who pitied her, who saved her from dishonor and torture. You are he—"

Regio started up, and looked earnestly at her. But the face of his companion was concealed behind her veil.

"Who are you? I have told you hear this!"

"I never heard it. I saw it. Look at me!"

The veil fell from her head, and the maiden stood up before him. And never, even among the beauties of his own native land, had Regio beheld such loveliness. Her eyes were black and lustrous. Her hair was black as night, and golden jewels gleamed among her luxuriant locks like stars.

"Alonso!" cried the Spaniard. "O, heavens, am I thus repaid!"

"You saved my life, and I saved yours—"

Regio caught her in his arms.

"This is the last time that we can look on one another," she said, mournfully.

"No, no," cried Regio. "Why will you speak thus? You have fled with me. With me you are a free woman."

"I cannot."

"And why?"

"I am a Priestess of the Sun. I tend the ever burning fire. I have sinned in letting you behold my face, or touch me."

Regio seemed struck dumb.

"Farewell, then," she said.

"You must not go. You must will you go?"

"To Camaxcala—to the holy temple."

"There is no holy temple now. There is no Camaxcala. Tis taken by us. Your temple is overthrown."

"O, holy light of heaven!" exclaimed the maiden, in agony and amazement.

"It is true. Did I not see it a month ago?"

"Then all is over?"

"You cannot go anywhere now—"

"Alas, no, except to the grave."

"No, no, Alonso. Come with me, and find a home in my heart. Though your false god has forsaken you, I will not!" and he took her unresisting hand.

"Your god is powerless. Come with me, and learn the worship of my God—the Almighty."

They stood still in eyes.

Regio caught her up upon his horse. She all unresisting, suffered him. And putting spurs to his noble charger, Regio and his lovely burden arrived shortly after in the town of Camaxcala.

For a year longer Peru, though conquered, was tumultuous. The new Inca Manco spread terror among the mountains, and Regio was employed in subduing him. Alonzo was placed in safety by him. But after the year was up he left the mountains, and brought the lovely priestess to Lima. There in the palace of the viceroys, Alonzo, which rose proudly among the mansions of the new city, Regio saw the Priestess of the Sun baptized in the private chapel, and on the same evening he was united by Das Casas to his lovely bride, the Priestess of the Sun, and royal princess.

CURIOS DISCOVERY.

The Swiss journals give the following details relative to the discoveries recently made in consequence of the extraordinary fall in the water in the Lake of Zurich—

At about one hundred feet from the right bank of the lake, opposite the village of Meilen, there have been found several rows of piles, formed of trunks of trees. The piles are about a foot apart, with an interval of sixteen feet between the rows. These piles support a construction which forms a very large area. Between the piles there have been found the skeletons of animals which are no longer to be seen in Switzerland, but no trace of any domestic animals. On removing the mud, there have been found an immense number of heads of arrows and spears, made of stone, carefully cut, very pointed; pendants, made of flint, with back-bone handles; a battle-axe, of stone, clay vase, evidently formed by the hand of man, and several other articles in stone and baked clay. A human skull has also been found. These remains, which are considered to have belonged to the ancient Celts, are now under examination by a commission of antiquarians.

ROMANCE OF A COAL FIELD.

The following singular circumstance happened a few years ago in Perry, thirty miles from Liverpool, where there are several extensive collieries. It will tend to show the immense value of coal mines, and the great interest which a superficial extent of land. An elderly widow lady sold to a gentleman some property in Perry, consisting of a house and about thirty acres of land, for three thousand pounds. The old lady thought there must be coals under the land, as there was so much in the neighborhood; but it was the decided opinion of coal proprietors, and others conversant with coal mines, that there should be no coals on the property. The seller of the property, however, insisted that the coals should be reserved, unless the purchaser would give her one hundred pounds for them. This he refused to do, and the coals were accordingly excepted from the purchase, and reserved to her. The old lady died soon after, bequeathing the coal mines among the children of a deceased sister, seven in number, who were all laborers, and the residue of her property, worth about three thousand pounds, to the children of another sister. The bequest of the coal mines was considered a nominal thing, and led to dissensions in the two families on account of it. The coal was a length of time lying over their disappointment in not sharing their aunt's property with their cousins, but at length they contrived to induce some persons, who were supposed to have more money than wit, to undertake the expense of boring on the land to ascertain whether there were coals or not. The boring continued for a considerable time, to the great amusement of persons connected with collieries; but at last, to their great astonishment, the charge of the purchaser, and the unbounded delight of the legacies, which were the best coal in Lancashire were discovered, extending nearly the whole breadth of the land, and which could be easily worked.

The timely discovery was immediately purchased by the proprietors of a neighboring colliery for twenty thousand pounds. In consequence both the lower families were found, which the same parties purchased for fifteen thousand pounds.—*Mining Journal*.

(Written for The Flag of our Union.)

LOST FRIENDSHIP.

O, when in this dark world of care,
 Our spirits oftentimes are depressed,
 When friendship, which we deem so dear,
 The rugged storm of life is best.

It weeps and falls—do we not
 Oft feel ourselves alone—
 All pleasures which we shared before,
 Their power to charm us now seems o'er.

Then, when our thoughts will upward turn
 To him, who in our joyous hours
 We seldom thought to thank and bless
 For his rich gifts, of life's bright flowers.

But when our spirits are depressed,
 And friendship, which we deem so dear,
 The rugged storm of life is best.

It weeps and falls—do we not
 Oft feel ourselves alone—
 All pleasures which we shared before,
 Their power to charm us now seems o'er.

INTOXICATED MONKEY.

Jack, as he was called, seeing his master and some companions drinking with those imitative powers for which his species is remarkable, finding half a glass of whiskey left, took it up and drank it off. He then, with a look of defiance, amidst their roars of laughter, he began to skip, hop, and dance—Jack was drunk. Next day when he awoke, he was very sore, and repeating the fun, to take the poor monkey from his box, he was not to be seen. Looking inside, there he lay crouching in a corner. "Come out," said his master. After a short pause, he came out on three legs—the fore paw that was laid on his forehead saying, as plain as words could do, that he had a headache.

"I cannot," he said, holding up his head for some days to get well and resume his gaiety, they at length carried him off to the old scene of revel. On entering, he cried the glasses with manifold terror, skulking behind the chair; and, on his master ordering him to drink, he bolted and was the next moment in the street. They called him down; he would not come. His master shook the whip at him. Jack, astride on the ridge-pole, grinned defiance. A gun, of which he was always master, he pointed at the disciple of temperance; he ducked his head and slipped over to the back of the house, upon which, seeing his predicament, he less afraid of the fire than of the fire-water, the monkey leaped at a bound on the chimney-top, and getting down by a flue, held on by his tail.

He would rather sing than drink. He triumphed, and although his master kept him for twelve years after that, he never could persuade the monkey to touch another drop of whiskey.—*Rev. Dr. Guker's Old Year's Warning*.

IMITATIVE POWERS OF THE CHINESE.

It is generally supposed that the Chinese will learn anything; but no people are more ready to learn if it is likely to be attended with advantage. They have lately been taught to make glass, and turn out bronze argand-lamps of glass, and the London and Manchester name all complete, and actually export these lamps to Batavia. They like putting an English name on their commodities, and are as free with the word "patent" as any manufacturer in Germany. They excel in the manufacture of locks, particularly padlocks. One of my friends gave an order to a tradesman in Amoy, which was furnished with a Chinese lock, which he had two keys, and one of these he sent with the key, retaining the other himself. When the box came back, he found that his key would not turn the lock, though the one he had given to the tradesman acted very well. Thinking some trick had been played, he accused the man of having changed the lock; and after some evasion, he acknowledged the fact, saying that, on examination, he found it such an excellent one, that he took it off and kept it, making another exactly like it, with maker's name, and everything complete, except the original would not open it. Their mechanical contrivances generally have some defect of this kind. They have never made a watch that will keep time, though they greatly prize watches, and usually carry two. If you ask the reason of this fashion, their reply is, "Spoke one makes sick, other can walk."—*A Student's Tour round the World*.

A GOOD WORK WELL DONE.

The report of the Ladies' Home Mission Society in New York, states that during the past year a handsome mission building has been completed and opened on the site of the Old Brewery, at River Place, New York. In the day and Sabbath schools instituted there more than two hundred children have received regular instruction; that hundreds of men, women, and children have been introduced in connection with the mission, as a means of elevating the inhabitants in its vicinity; that scores of men and women, and fifty-three children, have been directed to situations and employments; that twenty thousand garments, five hundred pairs of shoes, and three hundred pieces of clothing have been distributed to the destitute, besides a considerable sum expended in various charities; that arrangements have been made and executed for an extension for the rear of the main building.—*Boston Journal*.

Those who raise envy will easily incur censure.—*Blair*.

Jester's Picnic.

A visitor calling at the house of Mr. Giddon Swallowwater, the alderman, and wishing to see the proprietor about a small bill, chose to appeal from the decision of the servant, who informed him that the master was in a study, and was in an upper window.

"My dear, is your father at home?"

"What did Mary say at this time?" inquired the young lady.

"O, she says she ain't at home, but I don't believe her."

"Is your name Bill?"

"Well, yes," said the man, "they call me that."

"Then he's not at home; I heard him tell Mary if any bill came here, to remember he was out."

There is a great deal of latent knowledge in the world, which only needs a little awakening, to be fully brought out. Witness the following colloquy:

"Annette, my dear, what country is opposite to us on the globe?"

"Don't know, sir."

"Well, now," continued the perplexed teacher, "if I were to bore a hole through the earth, and you were to go in at this end, where would you come out?"

"Out of the hole, sir!" replied the pupil, with an air of triumph at having solved the great question.

"My dear," said the teacher, "I am sorry to hear that."

"I intend that you shall be married, but I do not intend that you shall throw yourself away on a worthless boy of the present day."

"You must marry a man of sober and mature age; what do you think of a fine, intelligent, mature husband of fifty?"

The timid, blue-eyed daughter looked into the old man's face, and with the slightest possible touch of interest in her voice, answered, "I think two of twenty-five would be better, pa."

The committee on "Bunkum," in the Tennessee Legislature closes its report to that body thus: "Your committee have the honor to inform the American Agent is permitted to fly horizontally to earth's loneliest nooks and ocean's widest shores—and that 'perpendicularly' the prodigious bird is permitted to soar, until, basking its plumage in the effulgent clouds, he shall settle on the highest round of Jacob's ladder, and eternal annals shall record his flight."

Bishop Burnett once preaching before Charles II., was much warmed by his subject, and, uttering a religious truth in a very earnest manner, with great vehemence struck his clenched hand upon the desk, and cried out:

"Who dares deny this?"

"Faith," observed the king, in a key not quite so loud as the preacher, "nobody, I should think, that is within reach of that great fist of yours."

An inquiring mind asks which is the right bank of the Danube? The right or left side of anything entirely depends upon the point of view from which we look at it. The Russians, having crossed the river, are accustomed to look at the right side. At any rate, the other bank of the Danube, on which they were formerly encamped, being now quite deserted, may be considered left.

We saw a mosquito the other day on the window of the house we live in, very busily engaged in sharing up his bill, and getting ready for the regular business of the season, though he looked as if he had a hard winter of it. Talk about the mosquito, this fellow was not half so big as nothing, and might have been a bear.

Snoobledges in the country, and recently commenced going to singing school. He heard the teacher say something about "two beats in a measure," when he eagerly remarked, "If he means to sing, he must sing, for he must be a darned sight bigger than the ones we raise, for it takes half-a-dozen of them to make a measure!"

A clergyman at an afternoon service was asked to read the "Lecture on the Rights of Man." Whereupon he stretched out his hands, pronounced the benediction, then catching up a piece of paper, he read the following notice: "At half past six to-night at the school-house in the first district a *tea* will be attempted to cure."

The sure way to fill a private apartment, whether in a printing office, a cotton factory, or a newspaper, is to hang up a bill, and place a door a placard, bearing the inscription, "No admittance." No person ever read that prohibition over an entrance without instantly being attracted by an unaccountable desire to rush right in.

A very little girl, young enough to sleep in a crib by the bed of her parents, awoke one night, when the full moon was shining into her bedroom, and calling to her father, exclaimed:

"Father! father! I have forgot to blow the window, so you open the window and let me blow him out!"

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

AN ELEGANT, MORAL AND REFINED

Miscellaneous Family Journal,

</